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HEROES OF PEACE.

We are sometimes told that as a race we are deteriorating, and that the Englishmen of to-day are not equal to those of former ages in spirit and daring. But no one who has seen the record of the Royal Humane Society could indorse this sentiment. One of the main objects of this Society, which was founded in 1774, is 'to bestow rewards for the preservation and restoration of life;' and year by year the claimants for these rewards are more numerous, and the deeds for which these rewards are asked are not inferior, in self-devotion and heroism on the part of the rescuers, to any of past ages, be they ever so noble.

During the twelve months covered by the last Report of the Society, no fewer than four hundred and eleven persons have been rewarded for gallant conduct in the saving of life, and their efforts have resulted in the saving of four hundred and thirty-eight lives. In twenty-four cases, rewards were granted, though, unfortunately, the bravery which they were intended to mark was unsuccessful. Never before has the number of rewards in a single year been so great. These figures in themselves, one would think, are a sufficiently potent answer to the criticism to which we have alluded; but were any further reply needed, the details of some of the cases would assuredly give it.

The 'blue ribbon' of the Society—in this case, the blue ribbon has gold stripes—is the Stanhope Gold Medal, which is awarded every year to the hero of the most meritorious case brought under the notice of the Society within the course of the year. If ever medal was deserved, the winner of the Stanhope for 1884 is entitled to it. On the 13th September 1883, as the steamship *Reva* was proceeding through the Gulf of Aden, a Lascar fell overboard. Being unable to swim, the unfortunate man drifted rapidly astern, and failed to grasp the life-buoy thrown to him. One of the passengers, Mr Walter Cleverley, seeing the man's danger, dived from the poop, a height of thirty

feet from the surface of the water, regardless of the fact that the sea thereabouts is infested with sharks! He swam up to the Lascar, by this time many yards astern; and for forty minutes supported him in the water, until both were rescued. Such a deed as this needs no extolling. Its singular daring is patent.

The highest ordinary reward granted by the Society is its silver medal, and twelve of these were bestowed last year. The bravery displayed by some of the silver medallists was almost equal to that of the winner of the Stanhope, and the particulars of the cases read more like romance than sober truth. The first case is that of Mr Frank Shooter, on whom the medal was conferred for saving the life of Mr F. K. Hartnol, on July 16, 1884. This time the scene was nearer home. The circumstances were so peculiar and complicated, that we follow the official record of the Society: Mr F. K. Hartnol was in a canoe on the mill-stream, Exeter, when the boat upset, and the swift current carried him under the mill-fender, and through the opening of the mill-leat, which runs for one hundred and eighty yards through a dark tunnel. The leat varies in depth from four to six feet, with pits at intervals, and is cut in the solid rock, with jagged projections on each side. The stream was running nine miles an hour. The fender at the opening was let down seven or eight inches below the water-surface, and under this the rescuer had to enter the tunnel. This feat he succeeded in effecting, and, being guided by the sound, he found Hartnol clinging to a projecting rock. Finding it impossible to stem the current, he took Hartnol on his shoulders, proceeded down the tunnel with the stream, and landed him safely at the outlet. He had all his clothing on, and ran great risk in being dashed against the rocky rough sides.

Three silver medals were last year bestowed upon officers in Her Majesty's navy. The first case was that of Quartermaster T. W. Bell of Her Majesty's ship *Curaçoa*, which was anchored at the time of the rescue in the Woosung River,

China. On the night of the 12th of April a marine fell into the water in trying to come on board from a boat alongside, and was carried astern by the current. Though the night was dark, Mr Bell bravely jumped overboard to the man's rescue, and succeeded in holding him above water until another man, ship's corporal John Jermyn, came to his aid with a life-buoy. For this gallantry, the Quartermaster was rewarded with the silver medal of the Society; and Jermyn, who already possessed the bronze medal, with the clasp.

The second naval officer to gain the medal during last year was Lieutenant the Hon. W. Grimston, R.N., of Her Majesty's ship *Alexandra*. As the ship was steaming at the rate of four knots an hour off Beyrout on the 29th August, a man fell overboard. Mr Grimston saw the man's danger, and without delay dropped through a very small port into the water. He had to pass through the circle made by the double screw, which was then revolving, and succeeded in keeping the man above water until help came. Two seamen had also jumped overboard to their comrade's aid, and with their help he was saved. A silver medal was awarded to Lieutenant Grimston, and bronze medals to each of the seamen.

A pleasing feature in both the preceding cases is the ready manner in which help seems to have been given to the rescuer by his comrades. Here is another case, where the saving of life was due entirely to the efforts of one officer, Lieutenant James Startin of Her Majesty's ship *Minotaur*, then stationed at Portland. At eleven P.M. on the 7th July 1884, a shore-boat manned by three watermen came alongside the ship with two liberty-men, both of whom were tipsy. In attempting to get on board, the two sailors capsized the boat, and all its five occupants were in an instant struggling in the water, the sailors helpless in their intoxication, and the watermen because they were unable to swim. Lieutenant Startin saw their danger, and running to the after-gangway, dived to their rescue. With great difficulty he succeeded in getting all five on board. The night was dark, with a fresh breeze and choppy sea. Any one who has witnessed the rescue of a drunken man from drowning, or that of a person unable to swim, will know how great the difficulty of rescuing these five men on a dark night and from a choppy sea must have been.

The sailors have not by any means a monopoly of the saving of life, for two soldiers are among those to whom the silver medals were awarded. One was an officer, Major Goodwyn, and the other Sergeant Peter Betts. Major Goodwyn's heroism was displayed under circumstances very similar to those which won the Stanhope Medal for Mr Cleverley. On July 29th last the steamship *Nubia* was running eleven knots an hour through the Red Sea, when a boy fell overboard. Without waiting to divest himself of his clothing, Major Goodwyn jumped into the sea, though that region is infested with sharks. Unhappily, his bravery was in vain; and, after swimming about for twenty minutes, he was picked up by the ship's boat. At the time of the accident the steamer was running under both steam and sail, and this made it more difficult to pick a man up.

Sergeant Betts earned his medal on land. A

man who was sinking a new well in Kilkenny prison on November 15th last, found himself at a depth of sixty-five feet below the surface, being engulfed in the clay and water, which was rapidly accumulating, until it rose above his knees. He signalled to the workmen above that he could not extricate himself, and Sergeant Betts gallantly volunteered to go to his aid. He descended the shaft, and, though exposed to the same risk as the man, and at one time in imminent danger of sinking, finally succeeded in rescuing him. Twice, however, he was obliged to be drawn to the top, because he was for the time exhausted; and it was not until the unfortunate workman had been nine hours immersed in the sand and water that the gallant sergeant's task was done.

Another rescue from the bottom of a shaft is reported from Ireland, this time from Killecole, County Wicklow. On the 7th October, two men were engaged in sinking a pump-hole, and had occasion to blast part of the rock by means of powder. A fuse was attached and lighted, and the men ascended. After the explosion had taken place, Morgan Byrne went down, and was overpowered by the foul air. After some little time had elapsed, James Keane also descended, and was in like manner overcome. An hour having intervened without tidings of either of the men, a man named William Whyte volunteered to go down. He was lowered, and finding the apparently dead bodies of the two workmen, gave the signal to those at the top to pull him up. As they were doing this, the rope gave way, and Whyte fell upon Byrne, arousing him to consciousness, and maiming himself. Wounded as he was, he managed to hold on to the new rope, and was drawn to the surface. As Byrne was conscious, he, too, was drawn up in safety. But his comrade Keane was still at the bottom of the shaft; and a labouring man named Patrick King now offered to go in search of him. He did so, and in the result Keane, too, was saved. Silver medals were awarded to Whyte and King.

On the 24th of September, a boy slipped off the training-ship *Wellesley*, then anchored in the Tyne. One of the boats was coming off from the shore, but could not get up to the boy because of the intervening cables. The officer of the boat sprang overboard, but could make no headway towards the boy, owing to the strong wind and tide. Seeing this, John McCloskey, another boy from the training-ship, jumped overboard, swam to the sinking boy, and diving, after his comrade had sunk twice, succeeded in rescuing him. His bravery was very suitably rewarded by the Society's silver medal.

The next rescue was in connection with Sir Thomas Brassey's world-famed yacht *The Sunbeam*, and its hero was Mr Thomas Allnutt Brassey. On September 30th the yacht was lying in Loch Carron, Ross-shire. The cutter was proceeding to the shore, a distance of about three-quarters of a mile, when, owing to the heavy sea, one of her timbers started, and she rapidly filled and turned over. Before this happened, Mr Brassey took off his coat, and advised the others to do likewise. Next he distributed the oars to those who were unable to swim. When the boat finally capsized, some of the men lost their oars, and one

in particular, Harry Tinnworth, was in danger of drowning. Seeing his plight, Mr Brassey swam to him, gave him his own oar, and supported him against the heavy waves until another of *The Sunbeam's* boats rescued them all. At one point, Mr Brassey lost his hold of the man, and only regained his grasp by diving for him.

One more instance, and the tale of the silver medallists of 1884 is complete. On November 10th last the water was being discharged through the double sluices between the inner and outer harbours at Ramsgate. A lad fell into the water, 'which was rushing out with the force of a cataract,' and he was whirled about like a cork. No boat could have lived in such a sea, yet Edward Grainger, a bystander, gallantly jumped into the dock and brought out the lad. This case, like the others, was rewarded by the silver medal.

In addition to the Stanhope Medal and the twelve silver medals, the Society issued for gallant acts during last year one hundred and twenty bronze medals, and ten clasps; one hundred and twenty-one testimonials on vellum, and ninety-one on parchment, with fifty-one pecuniary rewards. Among the recipients of these honours were ten women and girls and sixteen quite young persons. We wish that space would permit us to give particulars of the cases under these two last heads, but unfortunately this is not possible. No one pretends that this is a complete list of the gallant deeds of last year; most probably it represents no more than a tithe of them, yet these are certainly enough to answer our original question. For while Englishmen and Englishwomen are capable of such deeds as these, they are most assuredly not deteriorating, and can hold their own with any past generation, however noble and daring its deeds.

From *The Queen* we quote the following remarks upon a recent example of female heroism: 'In the roll of noble women who have sacrificed themselves to save the lives of others, no name should stand higher than that of the young servant-girl Alice Ayres, who recently imperilled and unhappily lost her own life in the successful effort to rescue the children of the family in which she resided from death by fire.* On appearing at the upper window of the burning house, the lower part of which was on fire, she was called on to make the hazardous attempt to save her own life by leaping to the ground. But with a presence of mind worthy of admiration, and an amount of noble courage above all praise, she had determined to make the attempt to rescue the children of her mistress. To throw them on to the pavement from the height at which she was placed, would have been fatal; so, returning into the room, she dragged a bed to the window, and with some difficulty forced it through. Having thus provided the means of breaking their fall, she went back for the children, one after the other, and threw them out on the soft bed below. Before she had rescued the third, she was herself nearly suffocated by smoke and flame, and the child was so much burnt that it has since died in the hospital. It was not until she had rescued all the children that this noble girl thought of her own life. Exhausted by the

efforts she had made, blinded by the smoke and fire, she leaped from the window, but unhappily missed the means of safety she had provided for others, and falling on the hard pavement, injured her spine to so great an extent that from the first hour of her admission into Guy's Hospital her case was deemed hopeless, and she died on Sunday morning.

'It is impossible to imagine a finer example of female heroism. True nobility of soul is confined to no sex nor age, nor to any condition of life. We have here a poor servant-girl, one who might be spoken of with disdain by many vastly inferior to her in all that ennoble human beings, displaying an amount of coolness in danger, thoughtfulness for others, and a courageous disregard of her own safety which transcends all praise, but which should not be allowed to pass away without recognition. The heroine herself is beyond our aid, but the body that was the tenement of such a noble soul should not be permitted to lie in a nameless grave.

'The British public take strange fits of virtuous sympathy. If a noble action has anything of the romantic or picturesque about it, they are touched deeply. Grace Darling, some forty-five years ago, rowed out with her father to rescue some shipwrecked sailors, and the deed has never been forgotten. The boat in which it was accomplished has been treasured as a precious relic, and was shown at the recent Fisheries Exhibition. But the courage, resolution, strength of purpose, and disregard of her own safety, as shown by Alice Ayres, was even greater than that exhibited by the light-keeper's daughter. Granted that Alice was but a poor servant-girl in a squalid part of the town; but if one has been celebrated in verse and received a well-earned renown, it should surely not be sufficient for the other to dismiss her, perhaps to a pauper's grave, with only a line in the daily papers to record her death.'

A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF.

BY MRS OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MRS CAVENDISH lived in one of the great houses in Portland Place which fashion has abandoned. It was very silent, wrapped in that stillness and decorum which is one of the chief signs of an entirely well-regulated house, also of a place in which life is languid and youth does not exist. Frances followed her mother with a beating heart through the long wide hall and large staircase, over soft carpets, on which their feet made no sound. She thought they were stealing in like ghosts to some silent place in which mystery of one kind or other must attend them; but the room they were ushered into was only a very large, very still drawing-room, in painfully good order, inhabited by nothing but a fire, which made a little sound and flicker that preserved it from utter death. The blinds were drawn half over the windows; the long curtains hung down in dark folds. There were none of the quaintnesses, the modern aestheticisms, the crowds of small picturesque articles of furniture impeding progress, in which Lady Markham

* At Mrs Chandler's, 194 Union Street, Borough, London.

delighted. The furniture was all solid, durable—what upholsterers call very handsome—huge mirrors over the mantel-pieces, a few large portraits in chalk on the walls, solemn ornaments on the table; a large and brilliantly painted china flower-pot inclosing a large plant of the palm kind, dark green and solemn, like everything else, holding the place of honour. It was very warm and comfortable, full of low easy-chairs and sofas, but at the same time very severe and forbidding, like a place into which the common occupations of life were never brought.

'She never sits here,' said Lady Markham in a low tone. 'She has a morning-room that is cosy enough. She comes up here after dinner, when Mr Cavendish takes a nap before conning his briefs for the ensuing day; and he comes up at ten o'clock for ten minutes and takes a cup of tea. Then she goes to bed. That is about all the intercourse they have, and all the time the drawing-room is occupied, except when people come to call. That is why it has such a depressing look.'

'Is she not happy, then?' said Frances wistfully, which was a silly question, as she now saw as soon as she had uttered it.

'Happy! Oh, probably just as happy as other people. That is not a question that is ever asked in Society, my dear. Why shouldn't she be happy? She has everything she has ever wished for—plenty of money—for they are very rich—her husband quite distinguished in his sphere, and in the way of advancement. What could she want more? She is a lucky woman, as women go.'

'Still she must be dull, with no one to speak to,' said Frances, looking round her with a glance of dismay. What she thought was, that it would probably be her duty to come here to make a little society for her aunt, and her heart sank at the sight of this decent, nay, handsome gloom, with a sensation which Mariuccia's kitchen at home, which only looked on the court, or the dimly lighted rooms of the villagers, had never given her. The silence was terrible, and struck a chill to her heart. Then all at once the door opened, and Mrs Cavendish came in, taking the young visitor entirely by surprise; for the soft carpets and thick curtains so entirely shut out all sound, that she seemed to glide in like a ghost to the ghosts already there. Frances, unaccustomed to English comfort, was startled by the absence of sound, and missed the indication of the footstep on the polished floor, which had so often warned her to lay aside her innocent youthful visions at the sound of her father's approach. Mrs Cavendish coming in so softly seemed to arrest them in the midst of their talk about her, bringing a flush to Frances' face. She was a tall woman, fair and pale, with cold gray eyes, and an air which was like that of her rooms—the air of being unused, of being put against the wall like the handsome furniture. She came up stiffly to Lady Markham, who went to meet her with effusion, holding out both hands.

'I am so glad to see you, Charlotte. I feared you might be out, as it was such a beautiful day.'

'Is it a beautiful day? It seemed to me cold, looking out. I am not very energetic, you know—not like you.—Have I seen this young lady before?'

'You have not seen her for a long time, not since she was a child; nor I either, which is more wonderful. This is Frances. Charlotte, I told you I expected'—

'My brother's child!' Mrs Cavendish said, fixing her eyes upon the girl, who came forward with shy eagerness. She did not open her arms, as Frances expected. She inspected her carefully and coldly, and ended by saying, 'But she is like you,' with a certain tone of reproach.

'That is not my fault,' said Lady Markham, almost sharply; and then she added: 'For the matter of that, they are both your brother's children—though, unfortunately, mine too.'

'You know my opinion on that matter,' said Mrs Cavendish; and then, and not till then, she gave Frances her hand, and stooping, kissed her on the cheek. 'Your father writes very seldom, and I have never heard a word from you. All the same, I have always taken an interest in you. It must be very sad for you, after the life to which you have been accustomed, to be suddenly sent here without any will of your own.'

'O no,' said Frances. 'I was very glad to come, to see mamma.'

'That's the proper thing to say, of course,' the other said with a cold smile. There was just enough of a family likeness to her father to arrest Frances in her indignation. She was not allowed time to make an answer, even had she possessed confidence enough to do so, for her aunt went on, without looking at her again: 'I suppose you have heard from Constance? It must be difficult for her too, to reconcile herself with the different kind of life. My brother's quiet ways are not likely to suit a young lady about town.'

'Frances will be able to tell you all about it,' said Lady Markham, who kept her temper with astonishing self-control. 'She only arrived last night. I would not delay a moment in bringing her to you. Of course, you will like to hear. Markham, who went to fetch his sister, is of opinion that on the whole the change will do Constance good.'

'I don't at all doubt it will do her good. To associate with my brother would do any one good—who is worthy of it; but of course it will be a great change for her. And this child will be kept just long enough to be infected with worldly ways, and then sent back to him spoilt for his life. I suppose, Lady Markham, that is what you intend?'

'You are so determined to think badly of me,' said Lady Markham, 'that it is vain for me to say anything; or else I might remind you that Con's going off was a greater surprise to me than to any one. You know what were my views for her?'

'Yes. I rather wonder why you take the trouble to acquaint me with your plans,' Mrs Cavendish said.

'It is foolish, perhaps; but I have a feeling that as Edward's only near relation'—

'Oh, I am sure I am much obliged to you for your consideration,' the other cried quickly.

'Constance was never influenced by me; though I don't wonder that her soul revolted at such a marriage as you had prepared for her.'

'Why?' cried Lady Markham quickly, with

an astonished glance. Then she added with a smile: 'I am afraid you will see nothing but harm in any plan of mine. Unfortunately, Con did not like the gentleman whom I approved. I should not have put any force upon her. One can't nowadays, if one wished to. It is contrary, as she says herself, to the spirit of the times. But if you will allow me to say so, Charlotte, Con is too like her father to bear anything, to put up with anything that'—

'Thank heaven,' cried Mrs Cavendish. 'She is indeed a little like her dear father, notwithstanding a training so different.—And this one, I suppose—this one you find like you?'

'I am happy to think she is a little, in externals at least,' said Lady Markham, taking Frances' hand in her own. 'But Edward has brought her up, Charlotte; that should be a passport to your affections at least.'

Upon this, Mrs Cavendish came down as from a pedestal, and addressed herself to the girl, over whose astonished head this strange dialogue had gone. 'I am afraid, my dear, you will think me very hard and disagreeable,' she said. 'I will not tell you why, though I think I could make out a case.—How is your dear father? He writes seldom and seldom—sometimes not even at Christmas; and I am afraid you have little sense of family duties, which is a pity at your age.'

Frances did not know how to reply to this accusation, and she was confused and indignant, and little disposed to attempt to please. 'Papa,' she said, 'is very well. I have heard him say that he could not write letters—our life was so quiet: there was nothing to say.'

'Ah, my dear, that is all very well for strangers, or for those who care more about the outside than the heart. But he might have known that anything, everything would be interesting to me. It is just your quiet life that I like to hear about. Society has little attraction for me. I suppose you are half an Italian, are you? and know nothing about English life.'

'She looks nothing but English,' said Lady Markham in a sort of parenthesis.

'The only people I know are English,' said Frances. 'Papa is not fond of society. We see the Gaunts and the Durants, but nobody else. I have always tried to be like my own country-people, as well as I could.'

'And with great success, my dear,' said her mother with a smiling look.

Mrs Cavendish said nothing, but looked at her with silent criticism. Then she turned to Lady Markham. 'Naturally,' she said, 'I should like to make acquaintance with my niece, and hear all the details about my dear brother; but that can't be done in a morning call. Will you leave her with me for the day? Or may I have her to-morrow, or the day after? Any time will suit me.'

'She only arrived last night, Charlotte. I suppose even you will allow that the mother should come first. Thursday, Frances shall spend with you, if that suits you?'

'Thursday, the third day,' said Mrs Cavendish, ostentatiously counting on her fingers—'during which interval you will have full time—O yes, Thursday will suit me. The mother of course conventionally has, as you say, the first right.'

'Conventionally and naturally too,' Lady Markham replied; and then there was a silence, and they sat looking at each other. Frances, who felt her innocent self to be something like the bone of contention over which these two ladies were wrangling, sat with downcast eyes confused and indignant, not knowing what to do or say. The mistress of the house did nothing to dissipate the embarrassment of the moment; she seemed to have no wish to set her visitors at their ease, and the pause, during which the ticking of the clock on the mantel-piece and the occasional fall of ashes from the fire came in as a sort of chorus or symphony, loud and distinct, to fill up the interval, was half painful, half ludicrous. It seemed to the quick ears of the girl thus suddenly introduced into the arena of domestic conflict, that there was a certain irony in this inarticulate commentary upon those petty miseries of life.

At last, at the end of what seemed half an hour of silence, Lady Markham rose and spread her wings—or at least shook out her silken draperies, which comes to the same thing. 'As that is settled, we need not detain you any longer,' she said.

Mrs Cavendish rose too, slowly. 'I cannot expect,' she replied, 'that you will give up your valuable time to me; but mine is not so much occupied.—I will expect you, Frances, before one o'clock on Thursday. I lunch at one; and then if there is anything you want to see or do, I shall be glad to take you wherever you like.—I suppose I may keep her to dinner? Mr Cavendish will like to make acquaintance with his niece.'

'Oh, certainly; as long as you and she please,' said Lady Markham with a smile. 'I am not a medieval parent, as poor Con says.'

'Yet it was on that ground that Constance abandoned you and ran away to her father,' quoth the implacable antagonist.

Lady Markham, calm as she was, grew red to her hair. 'I don't think Constance has abandoned me,' she cried hastily; 'and if she has, the fault is— But there is no discussion possible between people so hopelessly biased as you and I,' she added, recovering her composure. —'Mr Cavendish is well, I hope?'

'Very well.—Good-morning, since you will go,' said the mistress of the house. She dropped another cold kiss upon Frances' cheek. It seemed to the girl, indeed, who was angry and horrified, that it was her aunt's nose, which was a long one and very chilly, which touched her. She made no response to this nasal salutation. She felt, indeed, that to give a slap to that other cheek would be much more expressive of her sentiments than a kiss, and followed her mother down-stairs hot with resentment. Lady Markham, too, was moved. When she got into her brougham, she leant back in her corner and put her handkerchief lightly to the corner of each eye. Then she laughed, and put her hand upon Frances' arm.

'You are not to think I am grieving,' she said; 'it is only rage. Did you ever know such a?— But, my dear, we must recollect that it is natural—that she is on the other side.'

'Is it natural to be so unkind, to be so cruel?'

cried Frances. 'Then, mamma, I shall hate England, where I once thought everything was good.'

'Everything is not good anywhere, my love; and Society, I fear, above all, is far from being perfect—not that your poor dear aunt Charlotte can be said to be in Society,' Lady Markham added, recovering her spirits. 'I don't think they see anybody but a few lawyers like themselves.'

'But, mamma, why do you go to see her? Why do you endure it? You promised for me, or I should never go back, neither on Thursday nor any other time.'

'Oh, for goodness' sake, Frances, my dear! I hope you have not got those headstrong Waring ways. Because she hates me, that is no reason why she should hate you. Even Con saw as much as that. You are of her own blood, and her near relation, and I never heard that he took very much to any of the young people on his side. And they are very rich. A man like that, at the head of his profession, must be coining money. It would be wicked of me, for any little tempers of mine, to risk what might be a fortune for my children. And you know I have very little more than my jointure, and your father is not rich.'

This exposition of motives was like another language to Frances. She gazed at her mother's soft face, so full of sweetness and kindness, with a sense that she was under the sway of motives and influences which had been left out in her own simple education. Was it supreme and self-denying generosity, or was it—something else? The girl was too inexperienced, too ignorant to tell. But the contrast between Lady Markham's wonderful temper and forbearance and the harsh and ungenerous tone of her aunt, moved her heart out of the region of reason. 'If you put up with all that for us, I cannot see any reason why we should put up with it for you!' she cried indignantly. 'She cannot have any right to speak to my mother so—and before me.'

'Ah, my darling, that is just the sweetness of it to her. If we were alone, I should not mind; she might say what she liked. It is because of you that she can make me feel—a little. But you must take no notice; you must leave me to fight my own battles.'

'Why?' Frances flung up her young head, till she looked about a foot taller than her mother. 'I will never endure it, mamma: you may say what you like. What is her fortune to me?'

'My love!' she exclaimed; 'why, you little savage, her fortune is everything to you! It may make all the difference.' Then she laughed rather tremulously, and leaning over, bestowed a kiss upon her stranger-child's half-reluctant cheek. 'It is very, very sweet of you to make a stand for your mother,' she said, 'and when you know so little of me. The horrid people in Society would say that was the reason; but I think you would defend your mother anyhow, my Frances, my child that I have always missed!—But look here, dear. You must not do it. I am old enough to take care of myself. And your poor aunt Cavendish is not so bad as you think. She believes she has reason for it. She is very fond of your father, and she has not

seen him for a dozen years; and there is no telling whether she may ever see him again; and she thinks it is my fault. So you must not take up arms on my behalf till you know better. And it would be so much to your advantage if she should take a fancy to you, my dear. Do you think I could ever reconcile myself, for any *amour propre* of mine, to stand in my child's way?'

Once more, Frances was unable to make any reply. All the lines of sentiment and sense to which she had been accustomed seemed to be getting blurred out. Where she had come from, a family stood together, shoulder by shoulder. They defended each other, and even revenged each other; and though the law might disapprove, public opinion stood by them. A child who looked on careless while its parents were assailed would have been to Mariuccia an odious monster. Her father's opinions on such a subject, Frances had never known; but as for fortune, he would have smiled that disdainful smile of his at the suggestion that she should pay court to any one because he was rich. Wealth meant having few wants, she had heard him say a thousand times. It might even have been supposed from his conversation that he scorned rich people for being rich, which of course was an exaggeration. But he could never, never have wished her to endeavour to please an unkind, disagreeable person because of her money. That was impossible. So that she made no reply, and scarcely even, in her confusion, responded to the caress with which her mother thanked her for the partisanship, which it appeared was so out of place.

POPULAR LEGAL FALLACIES.

BY AN EXPERIENCED PRACTITIONER.

II. ABOUT MARRIAGE.

PERSONS pretending to be clergymen, although they have not been ordained, have occasionally brought trouble upon innocent persons; not substantial trouble, but anxiety, which for the time being amounts to the same thing in effect. We have frequently had occasion to advise persons who were in doubt as to the validity of their marriage, because the person who officiated as clergyman on the occasion was not really what he pretended to be. We may at once say that marriage is far too sacred a thing in the eye of the law to be left dependent upon the chapter of accidents for its validity. If two persons, who are free to enter into a matrimonial engagement, and are not within the prohibited degrees, go through the marriage ceremony in good faith, they become legally husband and wife, notwithstanding any defect on the part of the Church which has assumed to unite them in holy matrimony.

On 18th July 1823, an Act of Parliament was passed for amending the laws respecting the solemnisation of marriages in England; and by this Act—which is still in force as to church marriages by license or after banns—it was enacted that if any person shall knowingly and wilfully

consent to or acquiesce in the solemnisation of a marriage by any person not being in holy orders, the marriage of such persons shall be null and void to all intents and purposes whatsoever. It will be seen that this enactment puts the matter upon its proper footing. Innocent parties are not affected by the fact of the marriage having been performed by an impostor; but if they were aware of the fact before the ceremony is performed, the marriage is very properly void, because they were parties to the wrong-doing.

The punishment provided by this Act for those who take upon themselves to perform the sacred offices of the Church in the celebration of matrimony without being legally qualified to do so, is sufficiently severe, being fourteen years' transportation, now replaced by the same term of penal servitude. When the Sheffield sham-clergyman was convicted at Leeds assizes recently, the judge who presided at the trial considered that he had no option, and this rigorous sentence was pronounced; but it was afterwards found that a subsequent enactment more general in its terms covered the offence in question, and the sentence was reduced to five years' penal servitude, which may well act as a deterrent, as the offence is one which is very likely to come out sooner or later. By the Marriage Act of 1836, which applies more especially to marriages at register offices and in nonconformist places of worship, and to marriages in churches when the certificate of the superintendent registrar is substituted for the publication of banns, there are some provisions for the punishment of any person who shall unduly celebrate any marriage either at an unauthorised time or in an unauthorised place; and any marriage unduly celebrated with the knowledge of the parties thereto is to be void. Thus churchmen and dissenters are placed upon the same footing.

When any person under the age of twenty-one years—not being a widow or widower—intends to get married, the consent of the parent or guardian of the 'infant' is necessary; and before the necessary license or certificate can be granted, or banns published, a declaration or affidavit must be made to the effect that the requisite consent has been given; or, that the parties are respectively of legal age; or, that there is no person who can give a valid consent to the marriage of the minor. When a false declaration is made, the offence is the same in its legal consequences as perjury. We shall have something to say on the subject of perjury in a subsequent chapter on 'Kissing the Book.' Now, the penalty for perjury is not entirely nominal, being not more than two years' imprisonment with hard labour, or seven years' penal servitude; and we should think that a young man must be rather far gone who would risk this punishment, rather than wait until his girl attains the age of twenty-one years, if her father or guardian will not consent to their being married previously. We have put the matter in this shape, because the natural course appears to be that the man should take the risk upon himself, if it is to be run at all. Practically, however, we think that in the majority of cases—judging from our own observations during a long

official experience—the young lady has to take the hazardous post of false swearer or declarant, and there may be a reason for this which removes it from the censure of selfishness on the part of the male; or the supposition that all the courage possessed by the couple is monopolised by the female. When a prosecution is instituted, the father of the young lady is generally the prosecutor; and it is easier for him to overlook the offence when the success of the prosecution would result in consigning his own daughter to a prison, than when the prisoner would only be his son-in-law.

The offence now under consideration is frequently spoken of as venial, and indeed as being of so trifling a nature as scarcely to be worth calling a crime; but this is a fallacy. As we have shown, it is a crime which may be punished very severely; but it has also civil consequences of a serious character. Whenever any marriage is accomplished by means of a false oath or statutory declaration, the guilty party thereby forfeits all pecuniary advantage which he might otherwise have derived from the marriage; and certain notorious fortune-hunters have had occasion to regret their ignorance of this legal point. We do not say that they might not have evaded it, if they had known then their danger; but the probability is that in avoiding responsibility as principals, they might have rendered themselves liable as accessories; or as being the instigators of the crime perpetrated by their lady-loves, afterwards their respective wives.

Whether this offence will ever be altogether abolished or not, is very doubtful; though it might be an advantage to some of the parties concerned to remember that a career begun in falsehood and perjury is not likely to end well. But it is not our province to preach. If it were, probably we should do no good to the lovers.

Dangerous delusions are numerous, but few are more widely spread, or entail more pernicious consequences, than the one next under consideration. A man deserts his wife, with or without just cause for doing so; and after he has been away seven years or more, the deserted wife enters into what she believes to be a legal marriage with another man. Supposing the husband to be alive at the time that the second ceremony of so-called marriage is performed, it is absolutely void; the parties live together without being lawfully married; and if they should have any children, such children are illegitimate, and could not be made legitimate, even in Scotland, by the subsequent marriage of their parents, because, when the children were born, the parents were not free to enter into the state of matrimony with each other. In England, as we have before had occasion to observe, the status of a child as to legitimacy or otherwise is irrevocably fixed at the moment of its birth.

These irregular connections are so frequent, that it appears desirable to explain the law on the subject clearly. When two persons are married, they become husband and wife for their joint lives, unless the marriage should be dissolved by the appointed court in which the power of granting relief from the burden of marriage is vested. Whatever either party may have to complain of, the mutual relationship continues; they took each other for better, for worse, and

they must endure the worse as well as enjoy the better, unless the union be legally dissolved.

The origin of the 'seven years' delusion is not involved in any obscurity, and therein it differs from some other popular legal fallacies. Marrying any other person while actually married already is a criminal offence, punishable with penal servitude not exceeding seven years; or imprisonment with or without hard labour for not exceeding two years. But no person can be convicted of this offence if at the time of the commission thereof his wife or her husband shall have been continually absent for the space of seven years then last past, and shall not have been known to have been living within that time. Hence, some wiseacre jumped to the conclusion, that if there was no danger of conviction for bigamy, a valid marriage might be contracted; and as error is more readily propagated than truth, this fallacy became extensively spread abroad and acted upon, the consequence being a large increase to the illegitimate portion of the population of the kingdom.

We have reason to know that the evils arising from this mistake are to be found in abundance wherever the false impression has taken root. It is natural that a person who has found matrimony a failure should wish to try again, in the hope of drawing a prize next time; and many deserted wives—and husbands also—who would not on any account knowingly become the parents of children that were not legitimate, fall into the trap inadvertently; and when the mischief is done and cannot be remedied, they find, to their unutterable dismay, that, while they have been most severe in their reflections on the depraved who live a life of sin, they have themselves unwittingly been doing the very thing which has been the subject of their reprobation. We have known ladies upon whom the discovery of their illegalised position has even had a fatal effect; although the great majority survive the terrible disclosure, and thenceforth pass through life as blighted beings, who only desire to live because they cannot bear the thought of leaving their children to face the sneers of the world alone.

Be the consequences what they may, absence for seven years is quite a sufficiently valid excuse with many for re-marrying; and if within that time they have heard that the lost sheep was still wandering in the wilderness of this world, they ignore the information, and enter into a second alliance which might expose them to the pains and penalties incident to a conviction for bigamy. It ought never to be forgotten that absence alone is not sufficient to avoid the danger, if the erring one has been known to be alive within the stipulated time, and his death has not been known to have occurred subsequently.

The consequences of these void marriages to the offspring thereof may be more serious than the unpleasantness to which the parties themselves are subjected. One instance will suffice to illustrate this. A gentleman in the west of England, who was possessed of large estates, married a lady who was supposed to be a widow, her husband having left her many years before, and died—it was thought—abroad. After several years of married life, the second husband, as he was believed to be, died intestate, and soon afterwards the lady also died. Then the brother and

heir-at-law came forward and claimed the estates; and his claim being resisted, on behalf of the children of the deceased, the marriage was proved to be void, by the production of the lady's husband, with whom the brother of his successor had been in communication for many years. The husband, it appeared, had in the first instance come back to England in order to claim his wife; but having been met with by the unprincipled heir, the latter persuaded him to make no sign, but to subsist upon a weekly allowance from him (the heir), in order that the supposed husband might go to his grave in the belief that he was the lawful husband of the mother of his children; for the brother knew that no will had been made, and feared that if his elder brother—then a hopeless invalid—knew of the invalidity of his marriage, he would make a will in favour of his children and their mother. This scheme was successful; the gentleman died without making a will, a neglect which is always foolish, and often wicked. The heir succeeded to his brother's estates, both real and personal, being the sole next of kin as well as heir-at-law; and the poor children were left utterly destitute.

Many similar cases have come to our knowledge; but it would be useless to repeat incidents so common and so sad. We can only strive to impress upon our readers that such things are happening around them through the means of a delusion which is believed in as implicitly as gospel truth by many thousands of our fellow-country men and women. The neglect to dispose of property by a will is a subject to which we intend to devote a future chapter; but we cannot close this without drawing attention to the irreparable mischief which was occasioned in the instance under notice by neglecting this simple duty.

SWEET GILLIAN.

A TALE OF THE BEGINNING OF THE CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

EDWARD TRENT, the most unpopular man in the little east-county village of Hingleton, swaggered up the street one bright morning in the month of April, in the year 1815. His brows were bent, his head was cast down, and he was slashing savagely in the air with his stick, so that the business he had on hand—and he was rarely seen abroad except on business—was evidently of an unpleasant nature. Not a bad-looking man at a casual glance was Edward Trent. He was tall, well built, hair and eyes dark; but a closer observation revealed that the eyes were furtive, and that the lips were thin and relentless. Unpopular he undoubtedly was. Firstly, because he was a lawyer, and rustics were as distrustful of lawyers at the beginning of this century as they are now. Secondly, because he was unsociable, overbearing, and, being town born and bred, regarded rustic folk and rustic institutions as beneath contempt. Thirdly and chiefly, because he was rumoured to be the future husband of Miss Ramsden of the Hall, known far and wide, from her gentle manner and winning ways, as Sweet Gillian. He appeared to notice

nothing as he hastened along the village street; but under his black brows he could see very well the scowling faces and the pointed fingers in the windows and doorways of the houses, and strode on, past the old gray church and its red parsonage; past the trim house of the doctor; past the almshouses, the pound, and the stocks, until he came to the *Gaskell Arms*, inn and posting-house, round the corner of which he struck into a pleasant path which crossed the tiny stream known by the villagers as 'the River,' and was in the open country.

Beautiful as the fields were in their fresh, bright garb of spring, they had no apparent attraction for the absorbed lawyer. He went on, crushing sweet flowers beneath his feet, scaring early butterflies from their resting-places on the blossom heads, and slashing relentlessly with his stick at any bit of colour which showed itself above the rest—straight towards the stately demesne of Hingleton Hall. The lodge-dame opened the gate to him as to a privileged person, but did not drop a courtesy; the gardeners at work knew that he was passing, but did not raise their heads. He who had never had a kind nod or a cheery word for any one, was not the sort of man to be made obeisance to, thought these sturdy toilers. He went on, under the avenue of tall elms; yet but sprinkled with young leaves, skirted the broad velvety lawn, and paused not to bestow a glance on the exquisite, typically English scene spread around him, until he arrived at the quaintly carved oak portal of the Hall, above which appeared in stone the arms of the famous old family of Gaskell of Hingleton.

The servant who admitted him ushered him without introduction into a snug little room, of which the sole occupant was a fresh-faced, gray-haired man of fifty, who was seated at a table strewn with papers, and who was John Ramsden, squire of Hingleton.

'Ha, Trent!' exclaimed the squire, rising and offering his visitor a broad, sunburnt hand. 'Punctual, as usual.'

'Yes; it's a professional virtue,' said the lawyer in a low, soft voice, which properly should have belonged to the most amiable of men. 'You sent for me?'

'Yes,' said the squire, returning to his chair and wheeling himself round so as to face his visitor. 'I sent for you because I felt that it was time some clear and definite conclusion should be arrived at between us.'

The relationship existing between the two men was sufficiently expressed by their respective manners. The big, burly, cross-country-looking squire of Hingleton was almost deprecating in his tone and manner of speech; the lawyer spoke boldly and confidently, although in a low, soft voice. The lion was evidently at the mercy of the mouse.

'I thought that was settled a long time ago,' said the lawyer.

'Yes; so I thought,' said the squire, hesitatingly; 'but—well, in short, there seem to be some little difficulties in the way.'

'How can there be difficulties?' asked Trent. 'It's all as clear as noonday. Look here. I got you this position of squire of Hingleton.'

'So you did; confound it!' muttered the squire.

'Confound it! why, "confound it?"' exclaimed the lawyer. 'It's been a precious good bargain for you, and a cheap one. You were poor and ambitious; now you're rich and independent, and the price you pay is to marry your daughter to me. Many hundred men would think themselves lucky to get such a bargain at such a price.'

'Yes, that sounds right enough,' said the squire, more firmly and determinedly; 'but I wish I'd never made this marvellous bargain, all the same. It was very mean, to begin with, to take advantage of poor old Gaskell's mental prostration, and get him to re-indite his will as he did.'

'Don't say mental prostration,' interposed Trent. 'When he made that will, giving Hingleton to you as his next of kin, he was as right as you and I are.'

'Well, at anyrate, he was almost heart-broken at the news that young Lionel was killed at Talavera,' said the squire; 'and when a man's heart's broken, his mind can't be over-strong. What I mean is, that he was taken advantage of. I don't blame any one more than myself. I was hungry after Hingleton, and ready to consent to anything you proposed. And, say what you like, it was mean, unmanly, un-English. And to crown all, I sell—yes, I sell you my daughter, because you bring me the certificate of Lionel Gaskell's death. Pah!'

The lawyer merely shrugged his shoulders and raised his black eyebrows, muttering something about the end justifying the means, and asked: 'But surely, squire, the difficulty isn't one only of conscience? Men of the world can't afford to be bothered with too much conscience—at least lawyers can't.'

'Right for you,' said the squire quietly. 'It isn't one of conscience entirely. How would matters stand were Gillian to refuse you?'

The lawyer was apparently startled at the suggestion of this eventuality. 'Refuse me!' he exclaimed. 'Why, the thing's impossible! She's been taught, I believe, for the last five years that I'm to be her husband. She can't—she daren't refuse me!'

'Why dare she not?'

'Because she knows—that is to say, she ought to know, if you've kept your promise to me—that if she doesn't marry me, I have it in my power to ruin and disgrace you, by publishing the means by which you became squire of Hingleton,' replied Trent.

'One moment,' said the squire, placing his hand on the lawyer's knee. 'Don't you think that by such a move you would be tarring yourself with the same brush?'

'Not a bit of it,' replied Trent. 'I only negotiated the old gentleman's change of will; I only—'

'Who suggested the idea to me? Who obtained with extraordinary alacrity a certificate of the death of Lionel Gaskell, the rightful heir to the estate?' asked the squire.

'I did,' replied Trent. 'I've loved Gillian far longer than you think. She didn't care

for me. I knew that young Lionel had almost broken his father's heart with his excesses and extravagance, and finally with his running off and enlisting. I saw a chance. If I could do you a service, you would buy it. I named my price, and you accepted it. The youngster's dead—there can't be a doubt of it, or he'd have turned up before now.—But look here, squire; what makes you think that Gillian would refuse me? Has she any personal objection to me? Does she love any one else?

'I don't think she loves any one else—no,' replied the squire evasively.

'Well, I'll find out for myself. Where is she?' asked Trent.

'In the garden, I believe.'

The lawyer, without another word, left the room, passed through the Hall, and out by an open door into the pleasant, formal, old-fashioned garden, a favourite haunt of Gillian's. He soon espied her, seated on a quaintly carved stone bench at some distance, deeply engrossed in a book: a bright-faced, rosy-cheeked girl, with curly brown hair. She heard his footsteps, and closing her book, rose and turned away. Trent, however, was not thus to be baffled by the caprice of a mere country girl; so, taking a short-cut, he presently confronted her.

'Good-morning, Miss Ramsden.'

'Good-morning, Mr Trent,' she replied, with the slightest possible inclination of the head.

'That must be an interesting work, to keep your eyes off the beauties of nature on this bright morning,' he continued.

She made no answer.

So he continued: 'Miss Ramsden, could you spare me a few moments?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Have you any feeling for me, Miss Ramsden?' he asked.

'Yes, sir; a most profound feeling.'

'That emboldens me'—he began.

'I really don't think it should,' she interposed.

Trent, heeding the interruption, went on: 'I am a lawyer; but I can't beat about the bush in matters which pertain to a very different court from that of justice.'

Gillian merely raised her eyebrows, as if puzzled by his ambiguous mode of speech.

'Do you know that you are beloved very dearly?' he continued.

'Yes; I believe my father'—she began.

'No, no; I don't mean by your father,' said Trent warmly. 'Of course he loves you; it would be strange if he didn't; but some one else'—

Here Gillian, shutting her book, stopped short in her walk, and looking him straight in the face with her honest brown eyes, said: 'Mr Trent, you are going to tell me that you love me, and to ask me to be your wife. Please, spare yourself the trouble, for I have never loved you, and I never can. I want to tell you this as kindly and as gently as possible.'

For a moment the lawyer stood irresolute and silent. He was not crushed, for he had never expected any other answer from the girl, with whom every young squire in the neighbourhood was in love. But he said: 'Is that your final answer, Miss Ramsden?'

'Quite final.'

He stepped forward and caught her by the arm. 'Can't you unsay that, Miss Ramsden?'

'Mr Trent, I have answered you. If you really love me, you will take that answer, and release my arm.'

'I won't take the answer, and I won't let go your arm,' said the lawyer, with so marvellous a change of voice that a stranger might have been excused for doubting if it was the same person speaking as before. 'Look here!' he went on. 'If you refuse to marry me, I have it in my power to ruin and disgrace both you and your father.'

'Ruin and disgrace me—and papa!' repeated Gillian, amazed. 'What do you mean, Mr Trent?'

'What I say—every word of it.'

'Don't insult me, please, Mr Trent,' said the girl, struggling to be free. 'My father never was disgraced, and never can be. And now, let me go.'

She struggled hard; but the lawyer's grasp was firm, and only when his mocking laughter taunted her to greater efforts did she get loose, leaving a piece of her dress in his hand. Then she ran on, straight into the arms of a tall, soldierly man, whose bronzed face was furrowed with anger. 'Hillo!' he cried; 'what does this mean? Sweet Gillian and Lawyer Trent!—Why, man, what have you been doing?'

Edward Trent, so far from being abashed and confused, replied with perfect coolness: 'And pray, what is that to you, colonel?'

The old soldier made a step forward with uplifted cane. 'Why, you mean, petty, skulking attorney, how dare you make such an answer to me—to Colonel Adamthwaite of His Majesty's Service? I see this poor girl struggling to get away from you; I ask you what it means, and you tell me that it is no business of mine! Egad, man, I've a good mind to give you the soundest caning you ever had in your wretched career, and I daresay you've had several.'

'Yes,' said Trent quietly; 'and I made the performers pay for it.'

'O yes, of course, you're a lawyer; I forgot,' said the colonel. 'That, and that alone, prevents me from hiding you.' So saying, the colonel linked Gillian's arm with his own, and turned towards the Hall, leaving Edward Trent smiling, as if the interview had been of the pleasantest character possible, and saying softly to himself:

'All right, all right, my gray-haired veteran! All right, my haughty beauty! But it will be a strange thing if I'm not squire of Hingleton before long, nevertheless! What a neat little case it would have been, if he'd struck me.'

Colonel Adamthwaite and Gillian went straight to the Hall, the girl telling him, with the freedom of an old friend as they went, all that had taken place. The old soldier pushed into the squire's study, and without any preliminaries, launched out into characteristic invective against that 'rascally land-shark,' as he called Trent, and a denunciation in no measured terms of his conduct towards Gillian.

The squire listened without any remark or any token of astonishment. When the colonel paused, he rose, and said: 'John, we have been friends since boyhood. Don't say anything more

about this, because—because I wish Gillian to marry Edward Trent.

The colonel uttered a forcible expression of amazement. Gillian uttered a cry, and sank upon the couch.

GLIMPSES IN THE READING-ROOM AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

THERE is at least one spot in this country in which I have always found the 'intelligent foreigner' respectfully disinclined to depreciate the surrounding evidences of our national good sense. I always like to accompany him thither and listen to his remarks. Underneath the Ionic portico of the noble building in Bloomsbury, through the entrance hall, past the watchful attendants, who exclude unauthorised intruders, through the swing-doors. Ah! The first sight of the Reading-room at the British Museum is not soon forgotten. How many thousand visitors from every part of the world must think so every year, when they stand on the threshold, just beneath the great dome—inferior in diameter by only two feet to the Pantheon of Rome—and catch sight of the eighty thousand volumes which line the walls, and suggest some idea of the space required to house the million and a half volumes stored in the library beyond.

There is much to be seen and much to be learnt in this centre of study and research. Authors and bookworms, compilers and scribblers, with students and observers from every quarter of the world, rub sleeves with each other in the studious silence beneath the dome. To my mind, there are few more interesting sights, and none calculated to leave a more vivid impression on the mind of the immense mental activity of the time. Consider that you are in the centre of one of the greatest collections of books which the world has seen; that you are in contact with an organisation which brings within your reach at a few minutes' notice any book of importance which the world produces. Then watch the attendants at the platform in the centre of the room as they hand out the books on every subject under the sun which have been applied for by the long lines of readers, representing every important nationality in the world, and you will admit that the scene is an impressive one.

The history of the library itself is the history of a remarkable revolution which has taken place within the last two or three generations. One hundred and thirty years ago it originated in the purchase of Montague House to store the Sloane collection of antiquities, books, manuscripts, &c. purchased by the nation. Soon after, the trustees of the collection set apart the first reading-room for the accommodation of such as they chose to admit to the privilege of inspecting their treasures. The resolution in which this step is recorded is interesting to read at this date. It is dated December 8, 1778, and by it the trustees ordered 'that the corner room in the base story be appropriated for the Reading-room, and that a proper wainscot table, covered with green bays in the same manner as those in the libraries, be prepared for the same, with twenty chairs of the same kind with those

already provided for the several departments of the house.'

In those days and for long afterwards, the company was very select. But few were admitted, or indeed cared to be admitted, to the Reading-room; and the twenty chairs for long continued to be more than sufficient for the accommodation of the distinguished persons to whom alone the trustees awarded tickets of admission. The poet Gray, in a letter dated July 23, 1759, gives an amusing account of a visit to this Reading-room. He says: 'I am just settled in my new habitation in Southampton Row, and though a solitary and dispirited creature, not unquiet, nor wholly unpleasant to myself. The Museum will be my chief amusement.' Describing his first visit and the company he met there, he says: 'We were—a man that writes for Lord Royston; a man that writes for Dr Barton of York; a third that writes for the Emperor of Germany or Dr Peacock, for he speaks the worst English I ever heard; Dr Stukeley, who writes for himself, the very worst person he could write for; and I, who only read to know if there were anything worth writing, and that not without some difficulty. I find that they printed one thousand copies of the Harleian Catalogue, and only sold fourscore; that they have nine hundred pounds a year income, and spend thirteen hundred pounds, and that they are building apartments for the under-keepers; so I expect in the winter to see the collection advertised and set to auction.'

Things have greatly improved since Gray's time. The present Reading-room, finished in 1857, was the result of a happy idea of the late Mr Panizzi. For many years previous to that date, it had become evident that the accommodation provided for readers was altogether insufficient. Various plans for enlarging the building had been proposed from time to time; but principally on account of the large expense which they would all entail, nothing had come of any of them. At last it occurred to Mr Panizzi to propose that a circular building should be erected in the inner quadrangle of the Museum to serve as the Reading-room. This admirable suggestion was immediately accepted; and parliament being at length induced to grant the necessary funds, it resulted in the present Reading-room. It would be difficult to conceive a more noble structure so entirely suited to the purpose to which it is devoted. The building was completed in a few years at a cost of about one hundred and sixty thousand pounds, and it has undergone little alteration since. The dome of the room is one hundred and forty feet in diameter, being one foot in excess of that of St Peter's at Rome. Of the eighty thousand volumes in the Reading-room, some twenty thousand are within immediate reach of the reader, and can be consulted at pleasure; they consist principally of the standard works in all the various branches of learning. For any other book in the library which the reader wishes to see, he has only to fill up a printed requisition form, taking the particulars from the catalogue of the library, and the book is brought to his seat in a few minutes by one of the attendants.

To my mind, by far the most interesting study in the Reading-room is the readers themselves.

Every one who writes much feels the need of being in or near a centre of books and information, such as London especially is; and there are few within the radius of London who write at all to whom the interior of the Reading-room at the British Museum is not familiar. Regard that studious-looking man in spectacles with the high cheek-bones and hair brushed back from his face. He is the most conspicuous member of his row, with his heap of manuscripts before him, and the floor and table around heaped with books. You fancy you have seen his face before somewhere. Very likely you have. That tall gentleman with his hat on, leaning against his table, and speaking to him with his hands in his pockets, is the head of one of the leading publishing houses in London. The chair opposite is occupied by a bilious-looking youth. He has a pile of manuscript before him too; but he is not adding to it; he is deep in the volumes before him. As he turns over his work, you notice a little collection of newspaper cuttings among his treasures. How self-confident he looks—even a little bit conceited, you think; but if you are an old *habitué*, you will not feel offended, for there may be a warm corner in your heart where you keep green the memory of a time when you felt somewhat like that yourself. Here at the end of the row is a swarthy visage underneath a fez cap, which is familiar to you. Where have you seen it before? Ah, yes—at Professor Brown's lectures on Roman Law. Its owner is, however, not engaged in the study of law at present; he is, like many of his compatriots who frequent the room, deep in familiar volumes in Telugu and Sanskrit. Here is a passing visitor, who has just looked in to consult some book of reference; and here is a humble follower of the law making copious notes from the law Reports which he has taken from the shelves beside him.

But all these are but the ordinary and scarcely interesting frequenters of the room. Here is a remarkable-looking old man, upon whom your eyes involuntarily linger. Every day for years he has elbowed his way to this seat. He is always here surrounded with his old volumes, all carefully marked in places, and kept for him from day to day. Poorly dressed, thin and worn he looks, his long damp wisps of hair straggling down his neck and over his shabby coat collar. What a face! one of those you do not forget; with the fine forehead, still handsome, despite the furrows in the pinched cheeks. The features might suggest those of George Eliot's Bardo de Bardi. Watch the long thin fingers glide through the sheets of neatly written manuscript, some newly finished, but most of it yellow and faded. What is it all about? you wonder. He is going away now. He draws on his thin overcoat, carefully wraps his heap of papers with a brown sheet, and glides softly out, with his head bent, and the precious bundle under his arm. He is but one of many such which haunt the room. As you look after him, you begin to realise what such a figure might become under Dickens's wonderful hand; and it is with an effort that you check your fancy as it accompanies the old man on his lonely way down the main street, aside from the stream of humanity, up some dark staircase, to his cobwebbed den, where he toils on

in the belief that the rude, proud world, which has passed him by and forgotten him, will one day stop to listen to him.

How different is the vocation of many of the readers. Here is a youth taking notes from Spencer's *Data of Ethics*, who was a moment ago engaged on Herodotus and a classical atlas. He is only cramming for the London University examinations. Here is a dusky native pastor from Jamaica writing the history of his country amid the London fogs, and it will be all the better for that; and here is a student from Japan deep in the literature of the East, which he has unearthed in this treasure-house of the West.

There are pretty faces here too. How sweet those pouting lips and rosy cheeks look among the dusty tomes. How bewitching does your fair worker look amid her papers and books. You cannot help reading the titles as you pass: Holden's *Anatomy*. Ugh! Why is it that when young ladies who have brains chance to be pretty, they are usually doctors or professors? and yet another question: why is it that the plain-looking spinsters who take possession of the row 'for ladies only,' are so unsocial to all the owners of pretty faces?

I like to watch certain books and study the persons who use them. A little while ago I was standing near the entrance as two foreigners came towards me. One of them at least was evidently a German; he might have been a professor from his appearance; and the smooth-faced youth who accompanied him looked like a pupil. He was evidently pointing out to the younger man the principal features of interest in the room. As they passed me, my interest was excited by over-hearing the remark in English: 'Now we will see where the English keep their national copy of the greatest book of the century.' I followed the strangers with my eyes as they went round the room past shelf after shelf until they stood still in front of the section devoted to philosophy and science. Then my curiosity got the better of me, and I followed them, determined to see what in the opinion of the German was the great book of the age. He was taking out the end volume in the fifth row from the top. I saw them look at it thoughtfully, and turn over the leaves without reading; then they put it respectfully back in its place. When they had gone, I drew the little volume from its resting-place, where it seemed lost in the immensity around. It was Darwin's *Origin of Species*. I took the book to my seat, for the remark of the German had given a new interest to its familiar pages. As I turned over the well-thumbed leaves of 'the national copy,' stained and worn by many fingers, there were many thoughts in my mind; and as I took it back to its place, I was thinking that if I were a poet, I might indeed choose many a meaner theme for inspiration than that same small item of the great national collection.

How the books accumulate here! The Museum is one of the five libraries in the kingdom to each of which is secured by law a copy of every publication the copyright of which is registered at Stationers' Hall; the other libraries being the Bodleian at Oxford, the public library at Cambridge, the faculty of advocates at Edinburgh, and Trinity College, Dublin. Authors and publishers often feel it a hardship to be compelled to present copies of their books to some or all of the other

libraries; but rarely do they grudge the copy which goes to the great national library. For the year 1883, the number of accessions to the library obtained in this way was ten thousand six hundred and twelve volumes, besides many parts of volumes, pamphlets, music, maps, &c. But this represents but a small proportion of the yearly additions to the library. For the same year there were presented, two thousand six hundred and ninety-two volumes; and purchased, twenty thousand three hundred and fifty volumes, these latter being principally publications in foreign countries. The gross total of additions of all sorts for the year was ninety-four thousand three hundred and six. Some idea of the extent of the library may be gained from the size of the general catalogue, consisting of over two thousand volumes, most of which are still in manuscript, although a beginning was made in 1881 with the labour of printing it. The amalgamation of the several catalogues from which it is compiled has taken years to complete. About a fifth of the task was finished when the present Reading-room was built, and now, nearly thirty years after, the work is only on the eve of being completed.

There are seats in the room for three hundred and sixty readers; but the number of persons who frequent the library continues to increase every year, and already on many days it is hard to find a vacant seat. In the year 1883, the number of books delivered for the use of readers—irrespective of those consulted at pleasure from the shelves of the Reading-room—was four hundred and seventy thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine, and the number of readers was one hundred and fifty-two thousand nine hundred and eighty-three.

There are few items in the national expenditure which can be regarded with such warm satisfaction as that for the support of the British Museum library. It is silently doing a great national work. It throws open its doors and its treasures to every comer; and the number of busy workers which it attracts, shows how keenly the privilege is appreciated. The gain to the nation must be correspondingly large.

A BROTHER OF THE MISERICORDIA.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

THEY were talking of brotherhoods the other day at Lloyd Fenton's, and extolling the good deeds done by them, especially by that fraternity called in Italy the 'Misericordia.' Each one had some experience to relate—a tale of benevolence or courage—but I sat silent. At length Fenton asked me a direct question: 'Why do you say nothing, Cuthbert? You have been in Italy so long, you must have heard much of the brethren.'

'I have heard something of them,' was my answer, 'and indeed have had an experience of treatment at the hands of one of them; but as it is directly at odds with all of yours, it seems a pity I should mention it.'

'O no!—Tell us!—You must!—We want a shadow to all this light,' was the chorus raised immediately. And this is what I told them.

Five years ago I was poor enough, and was thankful to take what work came to hand; so,

when my rich cousin, John Harper, sent me to Florence to copy pictures for his great house at Eastmere, I gratefully accepted the munificent offer he made me, started off at once for Florence, and set up my easel in the 'city of flowers' early in October. By February I felt as if I had lived there for years, and had made acquaintance with nearly all its pictures, palaces, and churches. After making copies of some well-known works—'Madonna,' by Raphael; 'Madonna and Two Saints,' by Andrea del Sarto; 'Pietà,' by Fra Lippi—I thought I would change my ideas by having a face that was not a saintly one to gaze at; so I betook myself to the Sala di Venus in the Pitti Palace, and took up my brushes in front of the 'Bella Donna' of Titian. As the face and form grew under my pencil, I could not but learn from the favourable remarks continually made upon it in my hearing, that I had succeeded somewhat better than usual in transferring a portion of the beauty of the original to my canvas. The picture was all but finished, and I was one day adding a stroke here and there to the gold embroidery of the dress, when I heard the steps of two gentlemen pause behind me, and one of them exclaimed: 'Per Bacco, non c'è male!' He began to talk about my work; soon learned that I was English, and intending to go homewards shortly; and before our interview was over, he asked me to copy for him a picture in his gallery, the original of which he wished to part with. He was good enough to say that he had been seeking some one who would catch the intention of the painter sufficiently well to supply the copy he wanted; and he thought I might be able to render the meaning of the original without supplementing it by fancies of my own. He let me fix my own time for work, so I arranged to begin early in the following week. With the usual formal salutations, we parted; and on looking at the card left by my new patron, I found him to be the 'Principe Gherardo Schidone,' of whose small but exquisite collection of pictures I knew well the reputation.

On presenting myself at the Palazzo, I was shown into the library. The tall man in livery who opened the massive door moved so quietly across the thickly carpeted floor that the Prince did not hear his approach, and I had time to take note of the apartment and its inhabitant before he was informed of my presence. He was writing, and I observed his high narrow forehead and projecting chin almost unconsciously. His eyes were dark, and rather hard, the nose and mouth beautifully formed. When he raised his head and a friendly smile brightened his face, the Prince was decidedly a handsome man. He was about thirty; and I had heard of him as being extremely clever, somewhat of a *début*, and unquestionably poor. After a few minutes' chat, he proposed to conduct me to the gallery, whither he said my painting-things would have been already taken. We walked down a corridor hung with tapestry, and scantily furnished with ancient seats, dower chests, and antique vases, after the manner of such places; and turning sharply to the right, ascended a marble staircase, from the landing at the top of which a door on the left admitted us to the picture-gallery. The rooms I had already seen were

rather shabby, and looked as if a good round sum might be expended on their re-decoration with advantage; but the two apartments which contained the collection of paintings were in excellent preservation. The decorations of wall and ceiling were fresh and bright; the polished floor was covered in the centre with a thick carpet; huge logs flamed on the hearth; and the place had the cheerful air of being cared for, which in my experience was not usual in the Palazzi of Florence.

The Prince allowed me to look at the master-pieces of art of which he was the fortunate possessor, and then paused before a striking picture—the one of which he told me he desired the most faithful copy in my power to produce. He further added that the subject of the portrait was an ancestress of his, and that it was by Morone, that prince amongst portrait-painters.

My admiration of the work seemed to make Prince Gherardo think he should account for parting with it; and with something of a frown on his handsome face, he said: 'The lady was a Bandinelli; and her family having long wished for the portrait, I have at length decided they shall possess it.'

I bowed, and was soon left alone. Placing my easel in the most favourable position, I studied the portrait attentively for a good half-hour, and came to the conclusion that no light task had been assigned me. The picture represented a girl of about twenty, and was entitled simply 'Amaranthe.' It was of three-quarter length; and the lady's appearance fascinated me at first sight; but her charm became less the more the features were studied. She wore a dress of dark amethyst velvet, with curious gold ornaments. About the throat and wrists there was some lovely lace, and she carried a fan of feathers in her hand. The face was of a delicate paleness, and beautifully formed; the mouth rather large, and with firm, clearly-cut lips. A well-modelled nose and marked eyebrows gave it character. The forehead was broad and low; the eyes of an exquisite gray, with lashes so dark and long they seemed to give a violet shade to the pupils. And most noticeable of all was the magnificent wealth of golden hair, which hung down without band or ribbon, being loosely plaited from the shoulders. As I studied the picture, I came to believe that the lady had been one who would be more admired than beloved, and who would be a cold friend and a remorseless foe. I may have wronged 'Amaranthe;' but the portrait had all the life-like charm that the best pictures by Morone possess, and I believe revealed her character.

Prince Gherardo took great interest in my work, coming often to watch its progress, and giving me hints which showed him to have a great knowledge of the technical part of the artist's profession. He used to come at all times, and never twice together entered by the same door, till at length I had an uncomfortable idea that he watched me, and that these unexpected appearances were to test my industry. He was, however, always extremely polite, and expressed nothing but satisfaction with my work.

One morning I chanced to be earlier than usual at the palace, and found the windows had

not been uncovered. The servant who followed me went to one of them, and I to the other, and when the heavy blind was raised, I remained a few moments looking out. The window was rather high in the wall, and standing on the floor, one could not see into the garden below. I knelt on the broad window-seat, and from my elevation looked down into the inclosure, gay with flowers, and with a fountain splashing in the centre. Facing me was a wall, then another garden, and a long low range of white buildings. As I watched, a door in the centre of these opened, and out trooped a bevy of nuns. They looked like merry school-girls as they frisked round and round the garden-walks. Their dress of black and white was oddly finished off by an enormous flapping straw hat, tied down with black ribbon, completely concealing the face, and as unlike as possible to the head-gear of any order of nuns when seen outside their dwelling.

'What convent is that?' I inquired.

'It belongs to the order of St. Caterina,' was the man's answer; and as he passed me to leave the room, he said in a subdued voice: 'It was from there that the Princess came.'

The Princess! I had not heard of her, and I found myself once or twice wondering what manner of lady she was.

That afternoon, as I was working away at the hair of Amaranthe, the door on my right opened, and the rustling of a dress betokened the presence of a visitor. I rose from my seat as the Prince entered with a lady, from whose face I could not withdraw my eyes, so strangely did she resemble the portrait I was copying. How well I knew the features! But the face of the living Amaranthe bore only a sweet, amused expression as she said: 'See Gherardo; the Signor is struck with the likeness!' and advancing to me, she continued with a merry laugh: 'That Amaranthe Bandinelli was my ancestress. Are we not alike?'

I stammered some reply, but the words did not come quickly. To sit for days in front of a canvas copying the lineaments depicted thereon till you know every curve and line, and then to find beside you the picture come to life!—without a word of warning—this was so strange an experience that it took away my self-possession for the moment.

The Princess was about to tell me more, and began, saying: 'That Amaranthe was not a'—when the Prince interfered, saying: 'Basta! you must not interrupt the Signor.—Do you like his work? Look at it.'

His voice was harsh, peremptory; and the young wife's face changed; a hard look came into it, and the likeness to the picture was intensified. She spoke no word, but gazed fixedly on my work for a few moments; then, with a stately step, crossed the room to a door in the wall behind me, and disappeared. The Prince followed, and I was again alone.

My work was progressing well; and in the bright spring afternoons I began to leave it, and go to the Cascine to watch the crowds driving up and down—the Russians with their low carriages, spirited horses, with scarcely any harness, and fur-caped coachmen; the eccentric American with his team of fourteen ill-matched

steeds; the sober English, heavy Germans, and brilliant Italians, all driving or riding according to their various nationalities and in their special fashions. I sometimes saw Prince Schidone and his lovely wife; they were invariably alone; and the carriage was never drawn up at the side of the avenue with a crowd of loungers encircling it, as was the case with the other vehicles. One of my Italian friends, Luigi Savelli, told me the Prince was jealous, and that he allowed his wife no liberty, adding, that she had run away from her convent to marry him. I remembered the footman's words, and began to believe the statement, notwithstanding my knowledge of the watchful care with which the Church guards her children.

When I thought my work nearly done, Prince Gherado became fastidious about the dress, and objected to the colour of the fan and my treatment of the lace. It seemed as if he did not wish the picture finished. I began to weary of the alterations; and after repainting the portions twice, told him I did not consider the work improved, and that I must decline more changes.

I went one morning early to try for the last time at the lace, when, on taking up my palette, I noticed on it a large patch of green paint, which I certainly had not left there, and on it, traced in black letters, were the English words: 'Help me. Stay till six.—A.'

This was strange. It savoured of an adventure. Who was 'A.'? What did he or she want? Could it be the Princess? Her name perhaps was Amaranthe. I would certainly stay till six. Before that hour the door close to my right hand opened; the rustle of a dress again heralded the entrance of the Princess. I had a large open tin box by my side, and as the lady was passing it, she dropped her fan; it fell behind her, and the Prince stooped to pick it up. At that instant a tiny scrap of paper fluttered into my box; and I perceiving it, closed the lid as I rose to salute my visitors. The Princess spoke no word to me, but made some rapid and not favourable criticisms on my work in Italian. I spoke to the Prince in the same language, as I feared his wife might not know I understood her remarks, which were not of the most polite description. She did not appear to heed this, in fact continued her strictures, the gist of which I found to be her displeasure with the hair; she thought it required much more careful finish. I reminded the Prince that I must leave for England in a fortnight; therefore, my work at the picture must soon cease, and that I did not think I could improve it. He was quite satisfied, and told his wife that when it hung in the place of the original she would confess it was well done.

I did not dare to read the note till I arrived at my rooms; but once there, I speedily made myself master of its contents. It was written in Italian, and ran as follows:

I trust you, for your face is good and kind, and you are English. I am a most unhappy woman, a prisoner and a slave. I must return to the convent. There I shall be able to communicate with my uncle, Cardinal Bandinelli. Here, I can never speak to him of my wrongs, I am so watched. Will you help me? If so,

write 'Yes' on your palette, and I will tell you what to do.—A.

This was startling certainly. I pondered on the request, and was greatly disturbed. Why should I, peaceable Cuthbert Ainsley, mix myself up with the family troubles of an Italian household? Then, on the other hand, the lady might really be unhappy—ill-treated even; and at all events it did not seem very wrong of her to wish for free speech of her uncle, or even to go back to the convent for a time. I knew Cardinal Bandinelli well by sight and name; he was said to be a most amiable prelate, and he looked gentleness personified. Perhaps Amaranthe only wanted me to take him a letter. Anyhow, the love of adventure, the idea of succouring beauty in distress, combined to determine me to accede to the lady's request; and before leaving the Palazzo next day, I traced in small black letters on a red patch the word 'Yes,' which would not be noticed unless sought for, as it looked like idle touches of the brush.

The following day, on uncovering my canvas, I found pinned round the edge a little slip of paper, on which was written: 'Thank you. The day before you go, leave in your box a coil of rope thirty feet long, with a strong hook attached. Send by a safe hand the note you will find addressed to my uncle.'

I hastily hid the paper. Scarcely had I done so, when the door on my left opened and admitted the Prince. He was pleasant, as usual. I trusted he perceived no confusion in my manner. He crossed the room to a door in the wall behind me, which faced one on my right hand, and went out. There was a quaint old-fashioned mirror hung rather high, which tipped slightly forward, and in which I could see the reflection of the wall behind me with its two doors. A few minutes after the Prince left, I bent to take something from my box, and as I raised my head, I saw in the glass above me the reflection of his face gazing fixedly at me through the open door, with so intense, wicked, and cruel an expression, that the features seemed transformed! I turned sharply; but he was gone.

TWO ANECDOTES OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

FROM AN OLD NOTE-BOOK.

At the commencement of the French Revolution, nearly one hundred years ago, the lieutenant-general of the police of Paris had upon his register the names of no fewer than two thousand suspected and depraved characters, whose pursuits were known to be of a criminal nature; yet by making the department of police the immediate object of the close and uniform attention of one branch of the executive government, crimes were much less frequent than in England, and the security extended to the public with regard to the protection of life and property against lawless depredation was infinitely greater. The following narratives were authenticated by an English magistrate at the time; and a record of them, written at the commencement of this century, is now in the possession of the present writer.

A merchant of high respectability in Bordeaux had occasion to visit Paris upon commercial business, carrying with him bills and money to a very large amount. On his arrival at the gates of the French metropolis, a genteel-looking man opened the door of the carriage and addressed him to this effect: 'Sir, I have been waiting for you some time. According to my notes, you were to arrive at this hour; and your person, your carriage, and your portmanteau exactly answering the description I hold in my hand, you will permit me to have the honour of conducting you to Monsieur de Sartine.'

The gentleman, astonished and alarmed at this interruption, and still more at hearing the name of the lieutenant of the police mentioned, demanded to know what M. de Sartine wanted with him, adding that he had never committed any offence against the laws, and that the police could have no right to detain him. The messenger declared himself ignorant of the cause of the detention, and said that when he had conducted him to M. de Sartine, he should have executed his orders. After some further explanations, the gentleman permitted the officer to conduct him to the police official.

M. de Sartine received him with great politeness, and after requesting him to be seated, to his astonishment described his portmanteau, and told him the exact amount in bills and cash which he had brought with him to Paris, where he was to lodge, his usual time of going to bed, and a number of other circumstances, which he had conceived were known only to himself. Having thus excited his attention, M. de Sartine asked him: 'Sir, are you a man of courage?'

The gentleman, still more astonished at the singularity of this interrogatory, demanded the reason why such a question was put, adding that no man had ever doubted his courage.

M. de Sartine replied: 'Sir, you are to be robbed and murdered this night. If you are a man of courage, you must go to your hotel, and retire to rest at the usual hour. But be careful not to fall asleep; neither will it be proper for you to look under your bed, or into the closet which is in your chamber. You must place your portmanteau in its usual situation near your bed, and betray no suspicion. Leave what remains to me. If you do not feel your courage sufficient to bear you out, I will procure some one who shall personate you, and go to bed in your stead.'

The merchant being convinced that M. de Sartine's intelligence was accurate in every particular, refused to be personated, and resolved to follow literally the directions he had received. He accordingly drove to the hotel, and went to bed at his usual hour, eleven o'clock. At half-past twelve—the time mentioned by M. de Sartine—the door of his bedchamber burst open, and three men entered with a dark-lantern, daggers, and pistols. The merchant perceived one of them to be his own servant. They rifled his portmanteau undisturbed, and settled the plan of putting him to death. Hearing all this, and not knowing by what means he was to be rescued, it may be supposed he was under great perturbation of mind during such an interval of suspense. When at the moment the villains were preparing to take the merchant's life, four police officers,

who were concealed under the bed and in the closet, rushed out, and seized the offenders with the property in their possession. The consequence was that the perpetration of the murder was prevented, and sufficient evidence obtained to convict the offenders. M. de Sartine's intelligence thus enabled him to prevent many cases of murder and robbery.

The second story is as follows. The Emperor of Austria, Joseph II., having in the year 1787 formed and promulgated a new code of laws relative to criminal and civil affairs, and having also established what he conceived to be the best system of police in Europe, could scarcely ever forgive the French nation, in consequence of the accuracy and intelligence of M. de Sartine's police having been found superior to his own, notwithstanding the pains he had bestowed on that department of his government. A notorious Austrian offender, who had committed many atrocious acts of violence and depredation in Vienna, was traced to Paris by the police established by His Majesty, who ordered his ambassador at the court of France to demand that this delinquent should be delivered up to public justice. M. de Sartine acknowledged to the imperial ambassador that the person he inquired after had been in Paris; that, if he wished it, he would inform him where he lodged, and the different gaming-tables and other places of resort which he had frequented while there; but that he was now gone.

The ambassador insisted that this offender must still be in Paris, otherwise the emperor would not have commanded him to make such an application.

M. de Sartine smiled at the incredulity of the imperial minister, and replied to the following effect: 'Do me the honour, sir, to inform the emperor your master that the person he looks for left Paris about the 10th of last month, and is now lodged in a back-room, looking into a garden, in the third story of a house, No. 93 in — Street, in his own capital of Vienna; where His Majesty will, by sending to the spot, be sure to find him.'

It was literally as the French minister had stated. The emperor, to his astonishment, found the delinquent in the house and apartment described; but he was greatly mortified at this proof of the superiority of the French police.

A SONNET.

As when some workers, toiling at a loom,
Having but little portions of the roll
Of some huge fabric, cannot see the whole,
And note but atoms, wherein they entomb—
As objects fade in evening's first gray gloom—
The large design, from which each trifling dote
But goes to make the long much-wished-for goal:
So do we seek to penetrate the doom
That lies so heavily upon our life,
And strive to learn the whole that there must be;
For each day has its own completed piece.
The whole awaits us, where no anxious strife
Can mar completeness: here but God's eyes see
What death shall show us when our life shall cease.

J. E. PANTON.

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